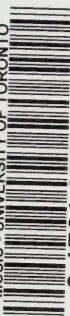


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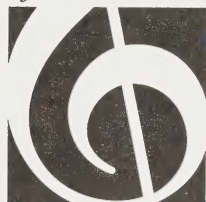
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IRELAND'S SONGS

BOOSEY & CO
LONDON AND NEW YORK

Pingott & Co., Ltd.,
Music Sellers,
112 Grafton Street,
Dublin.

FACULTY
of MUSIC



UNIVERSITY
OF TORONTO


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Jay Lambie

To my own dear Mary
with best of wishes for Xmas
& in remembrance of those
happy days together

M. A. A. A.

Xmas 1928.



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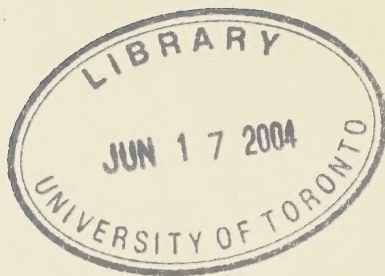
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IRELAND'S SONGS.

Oft in the stilly night.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con moto.

Piano.

dolce.

1. Oft in the stil-ly night, Ere slum-ber's chain has
2. When I re-mem-ber all The friends, so link'd to
murmurando.

pp

bound me, Fond mem-ry brings the light Of other days a -
- geth - er, I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try

- round me. The smiles, the tears, of boy - hood's years, The
wea - ther; I feel like one who treads a - lone Some

words of love then spo - ken, The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The
ban - quet-hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And

cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken! } *pp* Thus, in the stil - ly night, Ere
all but he de - part - ed! }

pp con Ped.

slum - ber's chain has bound me, Sad mem - 'ry brings the light of

riten.
other days a - round me.

colla voce.

The Irish Emigrant.

Words by
LADY DUFFERIN.

Music by
G. BARKER.

Andante.

Piano.

Joyously.

1. I'm sitting by the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side, On a

ritard.

bright May morning long a - go, when first you were my bride. The

corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high, And the

red was on your lip, Ma-ry, and the lovelight in your eye.

f

The place is lit-tle chang'd, Ma-ry, the day is bright as then, The

p

rit. *a tempo.*

lark's loud song is in..... my ear and the corn is green a - gain; But I

rit.

miss the soft clasp of your hand and the breath warm on my cheek, And I

p a tempo.

still keep list'n'g to the words you never more may speak, you never more may speak.

p

With mournful expression and a little slower.

2. I'm ve - ry lonely now, Ma-ry, for the

with enthusiasm.

poor make no new friends, But oh! they love the bet - ter still the

few our Fa - ther sends; And you, were all I had, Ma - ry, my

blessing and my pride; There's no - thing left to care for now since

my poor Ma - ry died.....

Slower.

I'm bid-ding you a long fare - well, my

Ma - ry kind and true, But I'll not for - get you, dar - lin', in the

*p a tempo.**ad lib.*

land I'm go - ing to. They say there's bread and work for all, and the

With great force and enthusiasm.

sun shines al-ways there, But I'll ne'er for - get old Ire - land, were it

agitato.

fif - ty times as fair, were it fif - ty times as fair.....

She is far from the land.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Open the door."

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

p *f* *f*

1. She is
2. She

far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And
sings the wild song of her dear na - tive plains, Ev - 'ry

p

lov - ers a - round her sigh - ing; But cold - ly she turns from their
note which he lov'd a - wak - ing;— Ah! lit - tle they think who de -

3

gaze... and weeps, For her heart in his grave... is
- light in her strains, How the heart of the min - strel is

ly - ing.
break - ing.

3. He had
4. Oh!

liv'd for his love, for his coun - try he died, They were
make her a grave where the sun - beams..... rest,..... When they

all that to life had en - twin'd him; Nor soon shall the tears of his
pro-mise a glo - rious mor - row; They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a

coun - try be..... dried, Nor..... long will his..... love stay be -
smile from the West, From..... her own loved is - land of

- hind..... him.
sor - row.

When he, who adores thee.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"The Fox's sleep."

Con espressione.

Voice.

Piano.

f *sf* *p*

1. When
2. With

he, who a - dore's thee, has left but the name Of his
thee were the dreams of my ear - li - est love; Ev - 'ry

pp

fault and his sor - rows be - hind,..... Oh!
thought of my rea - son was thine;..... In my

say, wilt thou weep, when they dar - ken the fame Of a
last hum - ble pray'r to the spi - rit a - bove, Thy.....

life that for thee was re - sign'd? Yes, weep, and however my
name shall be min - gled with mine. Oh! blest are the lovers and

p

foes may con - demn, Thy tears shall ef - face their de -
friends who shall live, The days..... of thy glo - ry to

>

- cree; For Heav'n can wit - ness, though guilt - y to them, I have
see; But the next dearest blessing that Hea - ven can give, Is the

sf sf p

ad lib.
been but too faith - ful to thee.
pride of thus dy - ing for thee.

colla voce. p

Erin! the tear and the smile.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Aileen Aroon."

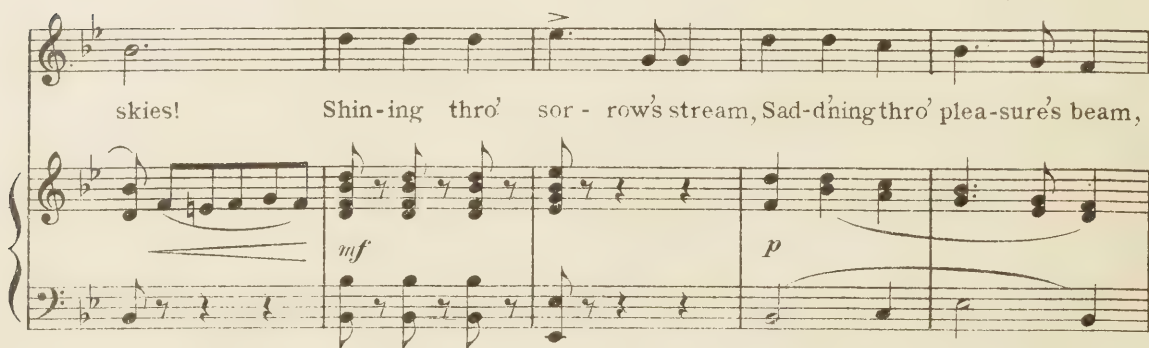
Andante con espress.

Voice. 

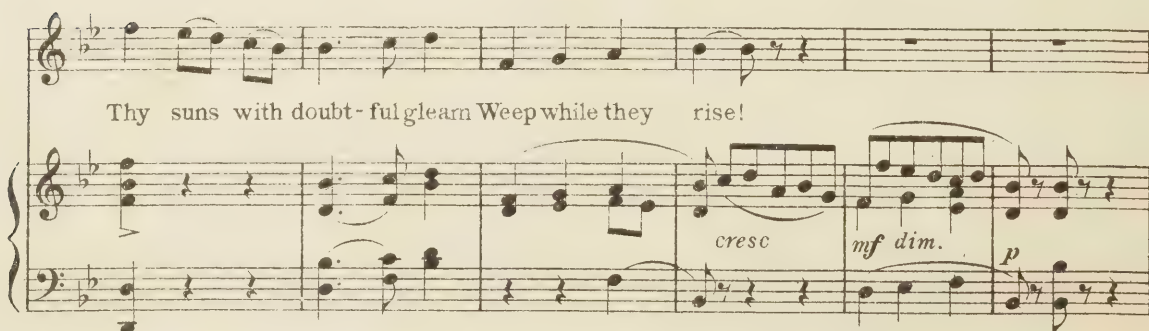
1. E-rin! the tear and the



smile in thine eyes Blend like the rain-bow that hangs in thy



skies! Shin-ing thro' sor-row's stream, Sad-dning thro' plea-sure's beam,



Thy suns with doubt-ful gleam Weep while they rise!

2. E - rin! thy si - lent tear

nev - er shall cease, E - rin! thy lan - guid smile ne'er shall in -

- crease, Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy var - ious tints u - nite,

And form in Hea - ven's sight One arch of peace!

The Harp that once thro' Tara's halls.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Gramachree."

Andante.

Voice. *con espressione.* *p* 1. The

Piano.

harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mus-ic shed; Now hangs as mute on

p

Ta- ra's walls, As if that soul were fled, So sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So

mf

glo- ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat high for praise Now

cresc. *f* *p*

feel that pulse no more..... 2. No

more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells: The chord a-lone, that

breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells, Thus free-dom now so sel-dom wakes The

on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To

show that still she lives.....

Avenging and bright.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Crooghan a venee."

Allegro moderato.

Voice. *1. A -*

Piano. *f ben marcato. sf sf sf sf sf*

- veng - ing and bright falls the swift sword of E - rin On him who the

brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! For ev - 'ry fond eye he hath

rit.
wa - kend a tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her

cresc. rit.

blade!

2. By the

red cloud that hung o - ver Con - or's dark dwell-ing, When U - lad's three

champions lay sleep-ing in gore— By the bil - lows of war, which so

oft - en, high swell-ing, Have waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's

shore.

3. We swear to re - venge them! no joy shall be

tast - ed, The harp shall be si - lent, the mai - den un -

- wed, Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie

wast - ed, Till ven - geance is wreak'd on the mur - der - er's

head!

4. Yes, mon - arch! tho' sweet are our home re - col -

- lec - tions, Tho' sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness

fall; Tho' sweet are our friend-ships, our hopes, our af -

- fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of

all!.....

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"The summer is coming?"

Andantino.

Voice.

1. Rich and rare were the

Piano.

p e legato.

p

gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But

oh! her beau-ty was far be-yond Her spark-ling gems or snow - white

mf

wand. But oh! her beau - ty was far..... be-yond Her spark - ling

p

pp

gems or snow - white wand.

2. La - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly through

this bleak way? Are E - rin's sons so good or..... so cold, As

not to be tempted by wo - man or gold? Are E - rin's sons so good

or..... so cold, As not to be tempted by wo - man or gold?

3. Sir Knight! I feel not the

least a - larm, No son of E - rin will of-fer me harm:- For

though they love wo-man and gold-en store, Sir Knight! they love hon - our

and vir - tue more! For though they love wo-man and gold - en store, Sir

Knight! they love hon-our and vir - tue more!

4. On she went, and her maid - en smile In

safe - ty light - ed her round the green isle; And blest for ev - er is

she who re - lied Up - on E - rin's hon - our and E - rin's pride. And

blest for ev - er is she who re - lied Up - on E - rin's honour and

E - rin's pride.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Coulin?"

Andante con espress.

Piano. *mf*

1. Tho' the last glimpse of E - rin with sor - row I
2. To the gloom of some des - ert, or cold rock - y

p

see, Yet, where - ev - er thou art shall seem
shore, Where the eye of the stran - ger can

E - rin to me; In ex - ile thy
haunt us no more, I will fly with my

pp

"In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks,) to all strangers (by which the English were meant,) or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired? *Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*. p. 134. Mr Walker informs us, also, that about the same period there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

bo - som shall still be... my... home, And thine
Cou - lin, and think the... rough wind Less

eyes... make my cli - mate where - ev - er... we...
rude... than the foes we leave frown - ing be -

roam.
- hind.

3. And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as... grace - ful... it...

wreathes, And hang..... oer thy soft harp as.....

wild - ly..... it..... breathes; Nor dread that the

pp

cold - heart - ed Sax - on will tear One

chord..... from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

p

mf

Let Erin remember the days of old.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"The Red Fox."

In moderate time.

Piano.

1. Let E - rin re-mem - ber the days of old, Ere her

faith - less sons be - tray'd her; When Ma - la - chi wore the

col - lar of gold, Which he won from her proud in - va - der; When her

kings, with standard of green un-furld, Led the Red-Branch knights to dan-ger; Ere the

em'-rald gem of the west-ern world Was set in the crown of a stran-ger.

On

Lough Neagh's bank, as the fish-er-man strays, When the clear cold eve's de - clin - ing, He

sees the round towers of oth-er days In the wave be-neath him shin-ing; Thus shall

mem'-ry oft-en, in dreams sub-lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o-ver; Thus

sigh-ing, look thro' the waves of time For the long fad-ed glo-ries they cov-er.

p *f* *p* *f* *dim.* *p*

Savourneen Deelish.

GEORGE COLMAN, the younger.

Larghetto con molto espressione.

Voice.

1. Oh! the moment was sad when my
2. When the word of command put our

Piano.

love and I part-ed, Sa - vour-neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!★ As I
men in - to mo - tion Sa - vour-neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge! I

kiss'd off her tears I was nigh bro-ken-heart-ed, Sa - vour-neen Dee - lish,
buck-led on my knap-sack to cross the wide o - cean, Sa - vour-neen Dee - lish,

Ei - leen oge! Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoul-der,
Ei - leen oge! Brisk were our troops, all rear - ing like thun-der,

★ Darling dear young Ellen.

Damp was her hand, no mar-ble was cold - er; I felt that a-gain I should
Pleas'd with the voy-age, im - pa - tient for plun - der, My bo - som with grief was

ad lib.
nev - er be-hold her, Sa - vour-neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!
almost torn a - sun - der, Sa - vour-neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!

colla voce **f**

3. Long I fought for my coun-try, far, far from my true love, Sa -

pp rall. **p**

vour-neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge! All my pay, and my boo - ty. I

hoard-ed for you, love, Sa - your-neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!

Peace was proclaimed, es-cap'd from the slaugh-ter, Land - ed at home, my

sweet girl, I sought her, But sor-row, a - las! to the cold grave had brought her, Sa-

your-neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!

colla voce *f* *pp rall.*

The Angel's Whisper.

Andante.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Voice.

1. A

molto espressivo

ba - by was sleep-ing, Its mo - ther was weeping, For her hus-band was far on the

wild rag-ing sea, And the tem - pest was swelling Round the fish-er-man's dwell-ing, And she

ad lib.

cresc.

colla voce

cried, "Der-mot, dar - ling, Oh! come back to me?"

2. Her

beads while she num-ber'd, The ba - by still slumber'd, And smil'd in her face as she

bend - ed her knee: "Oh! bless'd be that warning, My child, thy sleep a-dorn-ing, For I

colla voce

know that the an - gels are whis-per-ing with thee; 3. And

pp

while they are keep - ing Bright watch o'er thy sleep-ing, Oh, pray to them soft - ly, my

ad lib.

ba - by, with me: And say thou would'st rather They'd watch o'er thy fa - ther, For I

colla voce

know that the An - gels are whis - per - ing with thee?"

4. The

pp

dawn of the morn - ing saw Der - mot re - turn - ing, And the wife wept with joy her babe's

fa - ther to see, And, close - ly ca - ress - ing Her child with a bless - ing, Said "I

colla voce

knew that the An - gels were whis - per - ing with thee?"

pp

The gap in the hedge.

Words by
C. BARNARD.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

p *f*

1. There's a
2. There's a

gap in the hedge at Kil - mare,..... With a seat just con-triv'd for a
boy at the mill of Kil - mare,..... It's with him that I danc'd at the

p

pair,..... A charm - ing cool spot When the wea-ther is hot, And the
fair,..... One day, in the gap, Where we met quite by hap, He made

ad lib.

cou-ple's who don't like the glare, go there, To sit down in the gap at Kil -
bold his true love to de - clare, just there, In the gap of the hedge at Kil -

mf *colla voce.*

- mare.
- mare.

3. There's a day, and I wish it were

here!..... Sure, the ve - ry best day of the year!..... I'll

then be a bride, With the boy at my side, Him that courted me down at Kilmare, just there, In the

ad lib.
gap of the hedge at Kil - mare.

colla voce.

Come back to Erin.

Words and Music by

CLARIBEL.

Moderato.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, marked 'Moderato' and 'Piano.' The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a 'mf' dynamic marking. The melody is marked with 'Ped.' and asterisks. The vocal melody enters with the lyrics '1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,' and '2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line. The lyrics continue: 'Come back, A - roon, to the land of thy birth; Long shone the white sail - that bore thee a - way;'. The piano accompaniment features a 'colla voce' section. The final line of the score reads: 'Come with the sham - rocks and spring - time, Ma - vour - neen, Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in,'.

mf

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

s.....1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,
p

Ped. * *Ped.* *

rit.
 Come back, A - roon, to the land of thy birth;.....
 Long shone the white sail - that bore thee a - way;.....
colla voce.

Come with the sham - rocks and spring - time, Ma - vour - neen,
 Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',

And its Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
Just like a May-flow'r a - float on the bay.

f
Ped. * Ped. *

Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
O but my heart sank when clouds came be - tween us,

p
Ped. * Ped. *

Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we thought of the
Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the

hush of the star-shine O - ver the moun-tain, the Bluffs, and the Brays! Then
path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a-way where my col - leen had flown. Then

animato.
p
Ped. *

come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,
 come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,

mf

Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth,.....
 Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth,.....

rit.

cresc.
 Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,
 Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen,

molto cresc.
 And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
 And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

f *mf*

*Red. * Red. **

mf

Led. * *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* *

3. O may the An - gels, O wak - in' and sleep-in', Watch o'er my bird in the

p

rit.

land far a - way, And its my pray'rs will con-sign to their keep-in'

colla voce.

Care o' my jew - el by night and by day.

When by the fire - side I

f *p*

Leg. * *Leg.* * *Leg.* * *Leg.* *

watch the bright em - bers, Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee,

Cra - vin' to know if my dar - lin' re - mem - bers, Or if her thoughts may be

animato.

cross - in' to me. Then come back to E - rin, Ma -

mf

Leg. *

- your - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Come back a - gain to the

land of thy birth, Come back to E - rin, Ma -

rit. *cresc.*

- your - neen, Ma-vour - neen, And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our

molto cresc. *f*

mirth.

ff

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

The meeting of the waters.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air,
"The old Head of Dennis."

Andante molto espressivo.

Voice.

Piano.

1. There is not in the wide world a

val-ley so sweet, As that vale in whose bo-som the bright wa-ters meet; Oh! the

last rays of feel-ing and life must de-part, Ere the bloom of that valley shall

fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

ten.

pp

mf

2. Yet it was not that na-ture had

shed o'er the scene, Her pur-est of crys-tal and bright-est of green; 'Twas

not her soft ma-gic of stream-let or hill, Oh! no- it was something more

ex - qui - site still, Oh! no - it was some-thing more

ex - qui - site still. 3. 'Twas that

friends, the be - lov'd of my bo - som were near, Who made

pp

ev - ry dear scene of en - chant-ment more dear, And who

felt how the best charms of na - ture im - prove, When we

see them re - flected from looks that we love, When we see them re-flected from

ten.

looks that we love.

pp *mf* *dim.*

4. Sweet

vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy bo - som of shade, with the

pp

friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this

cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be

min - gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be

(ten.)

min - gled in peace.

pp *mf* *dim.*

Barney O'Hea.

Words and Music by

SAMUEL LOVER.

Moderato con spirito.

Piano.

1. Now let me a - lone, though I know you won't, I
 2. I hope you're not go - ing to Ban - don Fair, to

know you won't, I know you won't,— Let me a - lone, though I
 Ban - don Fair, to Ban - don Fair, For in - deed I'm not wanting to

rall.

know you won't, Im-pu-dent Barn-ey O' Hea.
meet you there, Im-pu-dent Barn-ey O' Hea.

rall. colla voce.

rall.

It makes me out-ra-geous When you're so con-ta-gious, And you'd
For Cor-ny's at Cork, And my bro-ther's at work, And my

colla voce.

espress.

bet-ter look out for the stout Cor-ny Creagh, For he is the boy That be-
mo-ther sits spinning at home all the day; So no one will be there Of poor

rall.

-lieves I'm his joy, So you'd bet-ter be-have your-self, Parn-ey O' Hea,
me to take care, So I hope you won't fol-low me, Barn-ey O' Hea,

rall. colla voce.

a tempo.

Im - pu - dent Barn - ey,
Im - pu - dent Barn - ey,

None of your blar - ney,
None of your blar - ney,

a tempo.

Im - pu - dent Barn - ey O' Hea!
Im - pu - dent Barn - ey O' Hea!

Im - pu - dent Barn - ey O'
Im - pu - dent Barn - ey O'

Hea!.....
Hea!.....

3. But as I was walk - ing up Ban - don Street, up
4. He knew 'twas all right when he saw me smile, he

Ban-don Street, up Ban-don Street, Just who do you think that my
saw me smile, he saw me smile, For he is the rogue up to

rall.
- self should meet But im-pu-dent Barn-ey O' Hea!
ev-'ry wile, Im-pu-dent Barn-ey O' Hea!

rall. colla voce.

rall.
He said I look'd kill-in' I call'd him a vil-lain, And
He coax'd me to chuse him, For if I'd re-fuse him, He

colla voce.

espress.
bid him, that minute, get out of my way; He said I was jok-ing, And
swore hed kill Cor-ny the ve-ry next day; So for fear'twould go fur-ther, And

rall.

grinn'd so pro-vok-ing, I could-n't help laughing with Bar-ney O' Hea.
 just to save mur-ther, I think I must mar-ry that mad-cap O' Hea.

rall. colla voce.

a tempo.

Im - pu-dent Bar-ney, He has the blar - ney,
 Bo-ther-ing Bar-ney, 'Tis he has the blar - ney To

a tempo.

Im - pu-dent Barney O' Hea! Im - pu-dent Barn-ey O' Hea!.....
 make a girl Mis-tress O' Hea! To make a girl Mis-tress O' Hea!.....

Kitty of Coleraine.

Words ANON.

Old Melody.

Vivace

Voice.

1. As beau-ti-ful Kit-ty one

Piano.

*p**p*

morn-ing was tripping With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine, When she

saw me she stumbled, The pitch-er it tum-bled, And all the sweet but-ter-milk

wa-ter'd the plain. "Oh! what shall I do, now?" 'Twas look-ing at you now, sure,

sure, such a pitch-er I'll ne'er meet a-gain; 'Twas the pride of my dai-ry, Oh!

Bar-ney Mc Clear-y, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Cole-raine."

poco rall.

2. I sat down beside her and gent - ly did chide her That

p

such a mis-for-tune should give her such pain; A kiss then I gave her, And be-

p

-fore I did leave her, She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it a-gain. 'Twas

hay-mak-ing sea-son, I can't tell the rea-son Mis - for-tune will nev-er come

sin-gle, 'tis plain, For, ve-ry soon af-ter poor Kit-ty's dis-as-ter, There

was not a pitch-er found whole in Coleraine.

Killarney.

Words by
E. FALCONER.

Music by
M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.

Piano. *mf*

1. By Kil-lar - ney's 'lakes and fells, Em' - rald isles and.....
2. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and.....

pp

wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and..... wood-land dells,
var - ied tints; Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by

Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays.
Ver - dure broi - ders or be-springs.

Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where,
Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn Spring's na - tal day,

Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands, But her home is sure - ly there!
 Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows, Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way.

rall. *dim.* *3* *colla parte.* *rit.*

pp a tempo.

An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of the west,
An - gels, of - ten pais - ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,

pp a tempo.

cresc.

Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's re-flex, Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's re-flex, Kil - lar - ney.

mf

cresc.

pp

3. Inn - is-fal - len's ruin-ed shrine May suggest a pass-ing sigh,
4. Mu - sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny;

But man's faith can ne'er de-cline Such God-won-ders float-ing by.
Ma - ny-voiced the chor-us swells Till it faints in ec - sta - cy.

cresc. *rf* *pp*

Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na Bay, Moun-tains Tore and
With the charnful tints be - low Seems the Heav'n -

rall.

Eag-les' nest, Still at Mu-cross you must pray, Though the monks are
-bove to vie, All rich col-ours that we know Tinge the cloud-wreaths

colla parte.

dim. pp a tempo.

now at rest. An - gels won-der not that man There would fain pro -
in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine Glanc - ing back soft

rit. *pp a tempo.*

cresc.

-long life's span. Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's reflex, Kil-lar-ney.
light di - vine, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's reflex, Kil-lar-ney.

f

mf

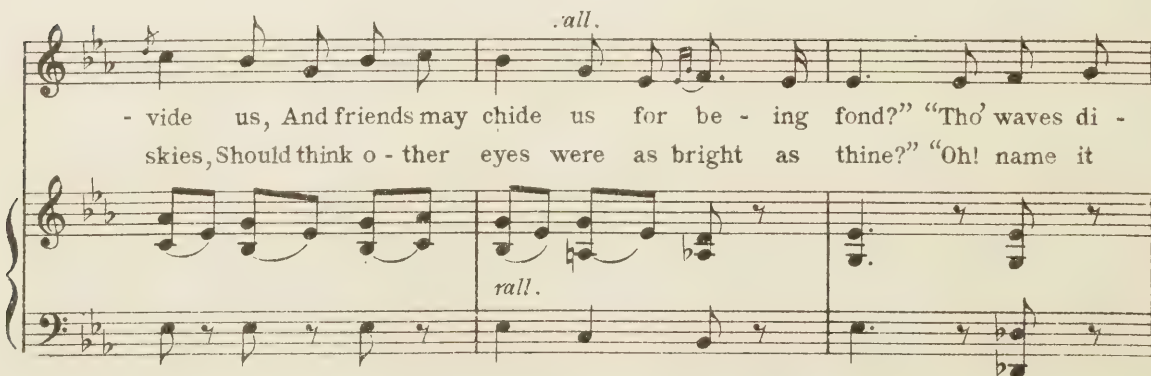
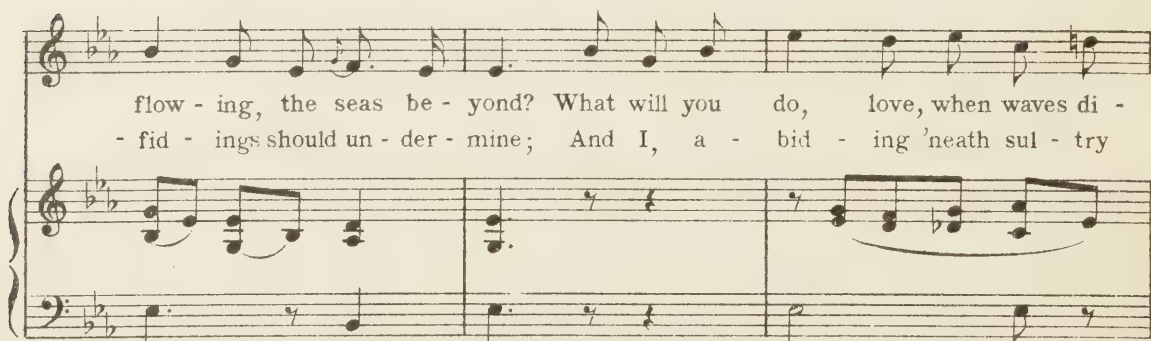
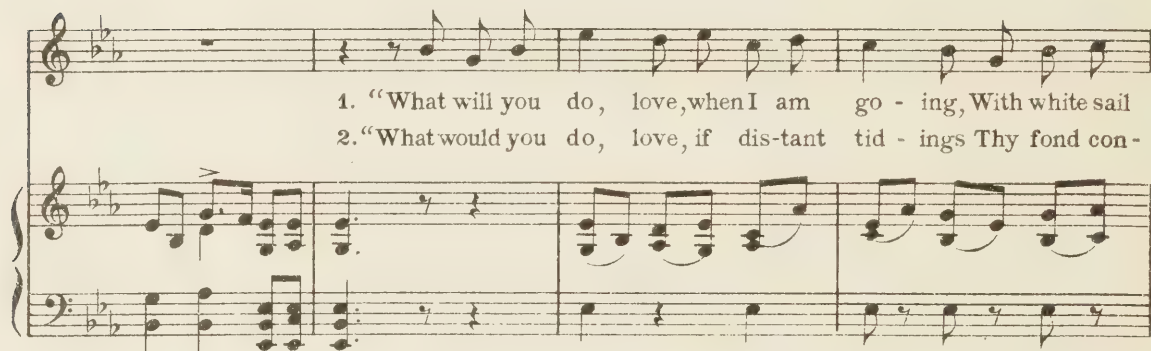
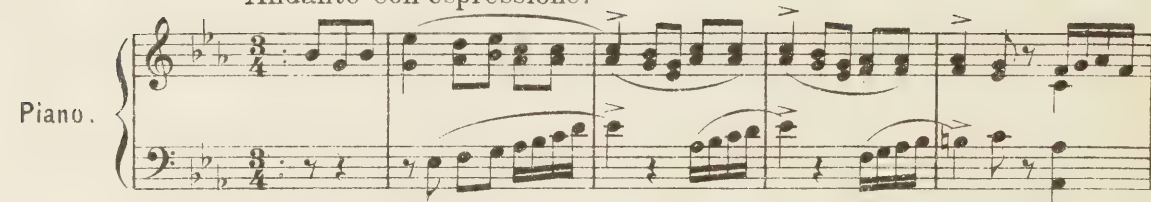
cresc. *rf*

What will you do, Love?

SAMUEL LOVER.

Andante con espressione.

Piano.



-vide us and friends be chid-ing, In faith a - bid - ing I'll still be true, And I'll pray for
not!— tho' guilt and shame Were on thy name I'd still be true! But that heart of

thee on the stormy o - cean, In deep de - vo - tion that's what I'll do!
thine, should an - oth - er share it, I could not bear it— what would I do?

3. "What would you do, love, when home re-

- turn - ing, With hopes high burn - ing, with wealth for you, If my bark,

rall.

which bounded o'er for - eign foam, Should be lost near home ah, what would you

do?" "So thou wert spared I'd bless the - mor - row, In want and

sor - row, that left me you! And I'd wel - come thee from the wast - ing

bil - low, This heart thy pil - low - that's what I'd do!"

sf *rall.*

Love thee, dearest.

THOMAS MOORE.

Voice.

Piano.

And. *

1. Love thee, dear - est, love thee! Yes— while yon - der

slentando

star is there Which, thro' clouds a - bove thee, Shines so sad - ly

fair. Tho' too oft dim with tears, like him, Like

cresc. *rall.* *a tempo*

him my truth will shine;..... And love thee, dear - est,

cresc. *rall.* *a tempo*

love thee, Yes - till death I'm thine.

f

Red. *

2. Leave thee, dear - est, leave thee!

slentando

No— that star is not more true; When my vows de -

rall.

- ceive thee, He will wan - der too. A

rall.

cresc.

cloud of night may veil his light, And death shall dark - en

cresc.

rall. *a tempo*

mine,..... But leave thee, dear - est, leave thee! No - till death I'm

rall. *a tempo*

thine.

f

And. *

Dermot Astore!

Words by
MRS. CRAWFORD.

Music by
F. NICHOLLS CROUCH.

Andante sostenuto.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *Andante sostenuto*. The piano part consists of two staves. The first system of piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *mf* and *f*, and a *decresc.* (decrescendo) marking. The second system includes *mf*, *f*, *ff*, and *dim.* (diminuendo) markings. The vocal melody is written on a single staff, starting with the lyrics "1. Oh! Der - mot As - tore! between waking and sleep-ing..... I". The piano accompaniment continues with a *sosten.* (sostenuto) marking. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay;..... Ev - 'ry". The piano accompaniment concludes with a *pp* (pianissimo) and *dolce* (dolce) marking.

1. Oh! Der - mot As - tore! between waking and sleep-ing..... I

heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay;..... Ev - 'ry

mf pulse of my heart the sweet measure was keep-ing, Till Kil-

cresc. *mf*

decresc.

-lar - ney's wild echoes had borne it a - way. Oh! tell me, my

f *mf* *p* *pp* *mf affrett.*

pp colla voce.

own Love is this our last meet-ing? Shall we wan - der no

cre's

more in Kil-lar - ney's greenbow'rs, To watch the bright

f *mf* *cresc.* *mf*

- cen - do. *f* *pp*

cresc.

Sun.....o'er the dim hills re-treat-ing, And the wild..... stag at

f *mf*

rest in his bed..... of spring flowrs?Oh! Der - mot As-tore! between

colla voce. *pp* *Più animato e con affetto.*

wak - ing and sleeping, I heard thy dear voice, and I

mf

wept to its lay; Ev-'ry pulse..... of my heart, thesweet

Lentamente.

mea - sure was keeping, Till Kil - lar - ney's wild echoes had

rall.

borne it a - way.

colla voce. *pp* *mf dim.*

Tempo I.

mf

2. Oh! Der - mot As - tore! how this fond heart would flutter, When I

met thee by night, in the sha - dy bo - reen,..... And

pp dolce.

heard thine own voice in a soft whisper ut-ter Those

pp

molto espress.

words of en-dear-ment "Ma-vour-neen Col-een." I

f *mf* *f* *mf*

pp

affrett.

know we must part, but oh! say not for ev-er, That it

pp *cres*

may be for years add's e-nough to my pain; But Ill

f

cen do.

cling..... to the hope..... that tho' now..... we must sev-er, In

mf *mf*

pp

cresc. *f* *mf* *mf*

some..... blessed hour I shall meet thee a - gain. Oh! Der - mot As-

colla voce. *pp* *Più animato e con affetto*

-tore between wak - ing and sleeping I heard thy dear voice and I

f *mf*

wept to its lay; Ev-'ry pulse of my heart the sweet mea - sure was

Lentamente.

keeping, Till Kil - lar - ney's wild ech-oes had borne it a -

rall. *colla voce.*

- way.

pp *pp*


O'Donnell a-boo!

MICHAEL JOSEPH M^CCANN.

Arranged by GUILLAUME van den DYCK.

Marziale.

Marziale.



The musical score for 'Marziale' is written in 2/4 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature (C). The music is in G major, indicated by one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble staff consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

mf

1. Proud - ly the note of the trum - pet is sound - ing,
 2. Prince - ly O' Neill to our aid is ad-vanc - ing, The

mf

Loud - ly the war - cries a - rise on the gale,.....
breez - es of Breff - ny his ban - ners now fan;..... A

Fleet - ly the steed by Lough Swilly..... is bound - ing, To
 thou - sand proudesteeds in his van-guard are pranc - ing Neath the

join the thick squad - rons on Sai - mears green vale.
bor - der - ers brave from the banks of the Bann:

f

On, ev - 'ry moun - tain - eer, Stran - gers to fight or fear,
 Ma - ny a heart shall quail Un - der the coat of mail;

Rush to the stand - ard of daunt - less Red Hugh!
 Deep - ly the mer - ci - less foe - man shall rue,

mf

Bon - nought and Gal - low glass Pour from each moun - tain pass!
 When on his ear shall ring, Borne on the breez - e's wing, Tir -

f molto marcato.

On for old E - rin! O' Donnell a - boo!
 - Con - nell's dread war - cry - O' Donnell a - boo!

ff

mf

3. Wild - ly o'er Des - mond the gaunt wolf is howl - ing,
 4. Sac - cred the cause that Clan - Con - nell's de - fend - ing - The

mf

Fear - less the ea - gle sweeps o - ver the plain,..... The
 al - tars we kneel at, and homes of our sires;.....

fox in the streets of the ci - ty..... is prowl - ing, All,
 Ruth - less the ru - in the foe is..... ex - tend - ing—

all who would scare them are ban - ished or slain!
 Mid - night is red with the plun - der - er's fires!

f

Grasp ev - 'ry stal-wart hand, Hack - but and bat - tle brand —
On with O' Don - nell, then, Chief - tain and Septs, a - gain,

f

Pay back the foe the deep debt so long due!.....
Sons of Tir - Con - nell all val - iant and true!.....

mf

Nor - ris and Clif - ford well Can of Tir - Con - nell tell —
Make the false Sax - on feel E - rin's a - veng - ing steel!

mf

f molto marcato.

On - ward to glo - ry! O' Don - nell a - boo!
Strike for your coun - try! O' Don - nell a - boo!

f

ff

Oh! where's the slave?

Spirited.

AIR-SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM

Voice.

Piano.

1. Oh! where's the slave, so low - ly, Condemn'd to chains un - ho - ly, Who,

could he burst His bonds at first, Would pine be-neath them slow - ly? What

soul, whose wrongs de - grade it, Would wait till time de - cay'd it, When

thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him.... who made..... it?

Slow and melanchoy.

Fare-well, E - rin! fare-well, all Who live to weep our fall!.....

2. Less

dear the lau - rel grow - ing, A-live, un-touch'd, and blow - ing, Than

that, whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The brows with vic - t'ry glow - ing! We

tread the land that bore... us, The green flag glit - ters o'er us, The

friends we've tried Are by our side, And the foe..... we hate.... be - fore..... us!

Slow and melancholy.

Fare - well, E - rin! fare - well, all Who live to weep our fall!

Forget thee!

Words by
J. F. WALLER, LL.D.

Music by
M. W. BALFE.

Andantino. *p* *dolce.*

stacc.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest, followed by a half note F#4, a quarter rest, and a half note G#4. The bass clef staff starts with a half note F#2, followed by a half note G#2, a quarter rest, and a half note F#2. The tempo is marked 'Andantino' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'dolce' (sweetly). The first measure of the treble staff is marked 'stacc.' (staccato).

rall. *Adagio.*

The piano accompaniment for the first system continues from the introduction. The treble staff has a half note F#4, a quarter rest, and a half note G#4. The bass staff has a half note F#2, a half note G#2, a quarter rest, and a half note F#2. The tempo is marked 'rall.' (rallentando) and 'Adagio'.

f *p*

1. For - get thee! for - get thee!

The vocal line begins with a half note F#4, a quarter rest, and a half note G#4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note F#2, a half note G#2, a quarter rest, and a half note F#2. The dynamics are 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano).

molto rall. *f*

Yes, when flow'rs for - get to blow and birds to sing. For

colla voce.

The vocal line continues with a half note F#4, a quarter rest, and a half note G#4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note F#2, a half note G#2, a quarter rest, and a half note F#2. The tempo is marked 'molto rall.' (molto rallentando) and the dynamics are 'f' (forte) and 'colla voce' (in voice).

p

- get thee! for - get thee! Yes, when ri - vers learn to

rall. *a tempo*

flow back to their spring. When sun - shine gilds the depths of

rall. *a tempo*

rit.

night,..... And star - light makes the noon - tide bright;

When blight - ed trees with leaves are green,

when blight - ed trees with leaves are green,..... Then I'll for -

- get thee, then I'll for - get thee..... then I'll for -

cresc. *rall.*

cresc. *colla voce.*

- get thee: not..... till then.

smorz: *cresc.* *f*

a tempo

2. For -

rit. *f*

p

- get thee! For-get thee! Yes, when ar-dent fire of

molto rall. *f* *p*

youth cold age in-flames. For-get thee! for-get thee!

colla parte

rall. *a tempo*

Yes, when faith-ful-ness and truth are empty names. When lovewith-in my heart once

a tempo

more..... Makes green the spots it sear'd be - fore.....

and fills my breast with hope a - gain,.....

and fills my breast with hope a - gain,..... Then I'll for - get thee, then I'll for -

cresc.

- get thee,..... then I'll for - get thee: not..... till then.

rall. *f* *smorz:*

colla parte *a tempo cresc.*

f *rit.* *sf*

The green bushes.

Old Ballad.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

1. As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in

May to hear the birds whis - tle and see lamb - kins play, I es - pied a young

dam - sel, so sweet - ly sang she Down by the green bush - es, where she

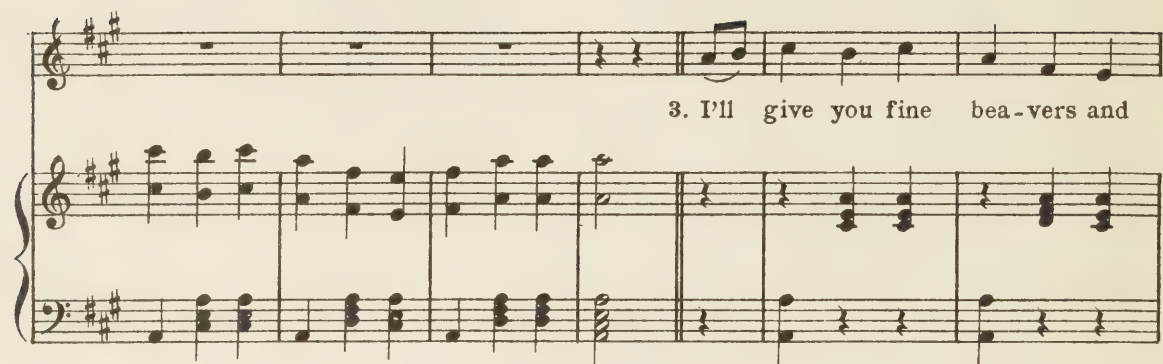
chanc'd to meet me

2. Oh why are you loi - ter - ing here pret - ty maid? "I'm wait - ing for

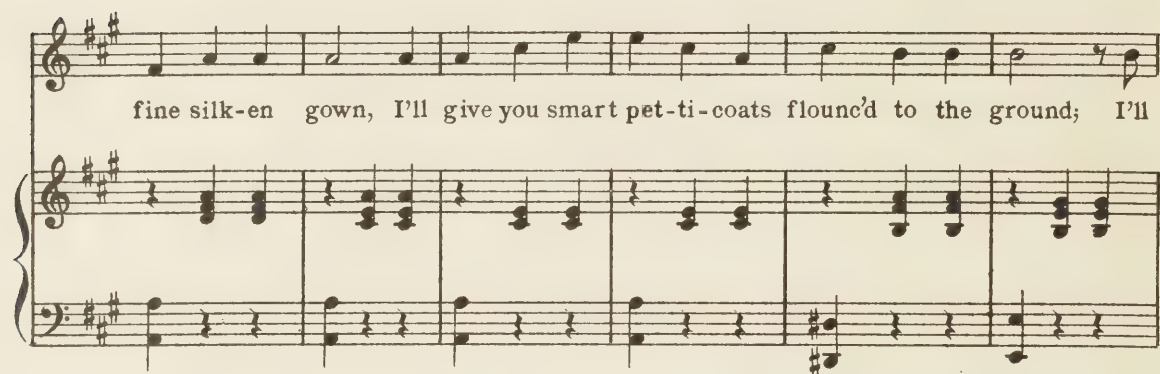
my true love" soft - ly she said, Shall I be your true love, and will you a -

- gree To leave your own true love and fol - ly with me?.....

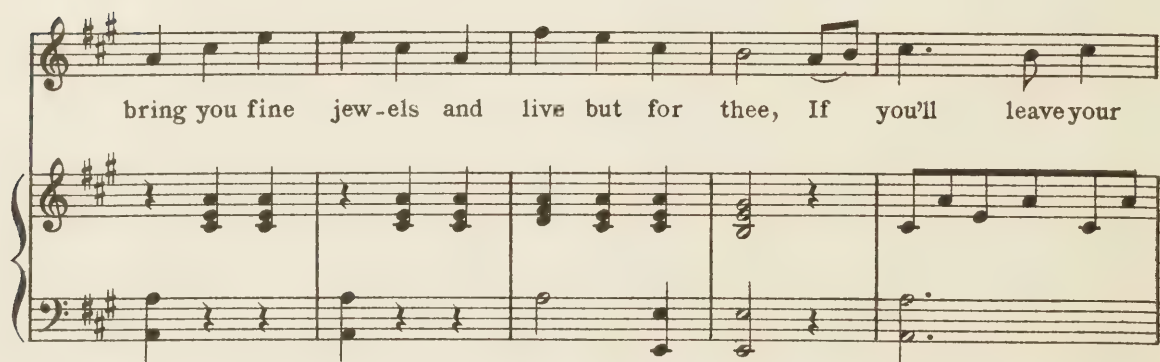
3. I'll give you fine bea-vers and



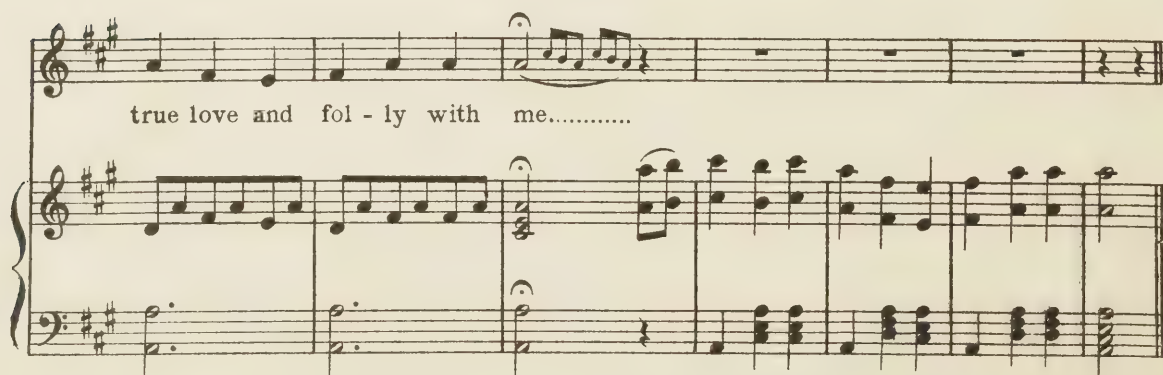
fine silk-en gown, I'll give you smart pet-ti-coats floun-c'd to the ground; I'll



bring you fine jew-els and live but for thee, If you'll leave your



true love and fol-ly with me.....



4. "I want none of your bea - vers nor fine silk or hose, For

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, a quarter note B, a half note C, a quarter note D, a half note E, and a quarter note F. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

I'm not so poor as to mar - ry for clothes, But if you'll be

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter note A, a half note B, a quarter note C, a half note D, a quarter note E, a half note F, and a quarter note G. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

con - stant and true un - to me, I'll leave my own true love and

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter note A, a half note B, a quarter note C, a half note D, a quarter note E, a half note F, and a quarter note G. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

mar - ry with thee".....

The fourth system concludes the melody. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter note A, a half note B, a quarter note C, a half note D, a quarter note E, a half note F, and a quarter note G. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

5. "Come let us be go - ing, kind sir, if you please, Oh

let us be go - ing from un - der these trees, For yon - der is

com-ing my true love, I see, Down by the green bush - es where he

thinks to meet me?".....

And when he came there, and found she was gone, He

look'd ve - ry sheep-ish and cried, quite for - lorn, "She's gone with an -

- o - ther and for - sa - ken me, And left the green bush - es where she

vow'd to meet me".....

Eily Mavourneen.

(Lily of Killarney.)

JULES BENEDICT.

Andante espressivo.

Piano.

f *3*

dim. *p*

1. Ei - ly Ma-vour - neen I see thee be-fore me

Fair - er than ev - er, with Death's pal - lid hue.....

Mor - tal thou art not, I hum - bly a-dore thee,

p.

cresc.

Yea with a love which thou know - est is true.

cresc.

colla voce.

Look'st thou in an - ger ah! no, such a feel - ing

Ne'er in thy too gen - tle heart had a place,.....

Soft - ly the smile of for - give - ness is steal - ing,

p.

Ei - ly my own, o'er thy beau - ti - ful face,

un poco stringendo.

cresc assai.

Soft - ly the smile of for - give - ness is steal - ing,

dim e rall.

Ei - ly my own, o'er thy beau - ti - ful face.

calando.

2. Once would my heart with the wild - est e - mo - tion

Throb, dear - est Ei - ly, when near me wert thou,.....

Now I re-gard thee with deep, calm de-vo - tion,

Ne - ver, bright an - gel, I lov'd thee as now.

colla voce.

Though in this world were so cru - el - ly blight - ed

p

All the fond hopes of thy in - no - cent heart,.....

Soon in a ho - li - er re - gion u - ni - ted,

p.

Ei - ly Ma-vour - neen, we ne - ver shall part,

un poco stringendo.

Soon in a ho - li - er re - gion u - ni - ted,

p.

Ei - ly Ma-vour - neen, we ne - ver shall part,

calando.

colla voce.

Soon in a ho - li - er re - gion u - ni - ted,

Ei - ly Ma - vour - neen, we

rall assai.
ne - - ver shall part.....

pp

I'm alone.

(Lily of Killarney.)

JULES BENEDICT.

Andante mesto.

Voice.

Piano.

dolce

cresc.

1. I'm a -

dim.

ppp

- lone, I'm a - lone, I watch the stars.... as they rise, I hear the

sound of my sighs Mock'd by the breez-es' moan.

All things round me seem to say That I am sad and so are they,

sempre pp

so.... are they; But could I see my heart's de-light, His

cresc ed accel. *Tempo primo. cresc assai.*

smile would cheer the gloom of night, The shade on my soul would be

cresc assai.

ff *dim.*

chas'd a - - way.... And my heart would leap..... to the

ff *pp*

glo - rious day.

cresc.

2. I'm a -

dim *ppp*

- lone, I'm a - lone, Me - think each gath-er-ing cloud Be-comes an

air - wo - ven.... shroud, Float - ing, float - ing to graves un - known.

Sail - ing slow - ly, slow - ly by, They crowd and dark - en all the sky,

sempre pp

all..... the sky. But could I see my heart's de-light, His

cresc assai.

smile would cheer the gloom of night, The shade on my

cresc assai.

soul would be chas'd a - way,..... And my heart..... would

ff *pp*

leap..... to the glo - - - rious day.

I'm a - lone, I'm a - lone.....

(dying away)

dolce.

It is a charming girl I love.

(Lily of Killarney.)

JULES BENEDICT.

Allegretto.

Piano.

leggiero.

cresc.

leggerissimo.

1. It is a charm-ing girl I love, She comes from Gar - ry

pp

- O-wen; She's gent-ler than the tur - tle-dove, Her hair is brown and

flow-ing, Her eye is of the soft-est blue, Her breath as sweet as

cresc.

morn-ing-dew, Her step is light-er than the fawn, And Och! she's call'd the

p

Col-leen Bawn: Bother-a - tion, bother-a - tion, Her like-ness I ne-ver shall

pp

see! There is but one Col-leen Bawn, And she does not love me.

p

2. You ask me what I'm

f *ff* *pp*

hop - ing for, Then lis - ten to the se-quel -- The Col-leen Bawn I'll

love no more, When I can find her e - qual; May - hap now such a

girl is here, With step as light, with eye as clear; Ah she'll be wel-come

cresc. *f*

as the dawn, Al - though she's not the Col - leen Bawn. Bother -

p

- a - tion, bother - a - tion, Her like-ness I ne-ver shall

pp

see! There is but one Col - leen Bawn, And she does not love

p

me.

f *ff*

The Colleen Bawn.

(Lily of Killarney)

JULES BENEDICT.

Andante espressivo.

Voice.

Piano.

cantabile.

p

The Col - leen Bawn, the Col - leen Bawn From

child - - hood I have known, I've seen that beau - ty

in the dawn, Which now so bright has grown. Al -

8

- though her cheek is blanch'd with care, Her smile dif-fu - ses

joy,..... Heav'n formed in her a jew - el rare,- Shall

f I..... that gemdes - troy, Shall I..... that gem des -
f *colla voce.*

- troy ?..... The Col - leen Bawn, the Col - leen Bawn From

child - - hood I have known, I've seen..... that beau-ty

in the dawn That now so bright has grown, I've seen that

cresc.

beau - ty in the dawn That now so bright has

p

grown. Thy

voice is sweet, my Col - leen Bawn, And when..... thy songs I

hear, From eyes un-us'd to weep are drawn The

tri - bute of a... tear. Heav'n framed in thee a

jew - el rare, Shall I it's worth de - stroy? To

crush that jew - el shall I dare, As 'twere..... a worth - less

toy, As 'twere..... a worth-less toy? The

colla voce.

Col - leen Bawn, the Col - leen Bawn From child - - hood I have

p

This system contains the first three measures of the song. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

known, I've seen..... that beau-ty in the dawn, That

This system contains measures 4 through 6. The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

now so bright has grown, I've seen that beau - ty in the

cresc.

cresc.

This system contains measures 7 through 9. The vocal line features a crescendo (*cresc.*) leading into the final measure of the system. The piano accompaniment also includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) in the final measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

dawn, That now so bright has grown. Heav'n

p

This system contains measures 10 through 13. The vocal line concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment features a piano (*p*) dynamic and a melodic flourish in the final measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

form'd in her a jew-el rare,- Shall

cresc.

I..... that gem de- -stroy, shall I that gem de-destroy, Shall

cresc.

I,..... shall I that gem..... de -

p

- stroy?

Friend of my soul.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Music by
THEODORE C. MAY.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

f

Friend of my soul, this gob-let sip, 'Twill chase thy pen-sive tear;.....

mf

'Tis not so sweet as wo-man's lip, But, oh! 'tis more sin-cere.

Like her de-lu - sive beam, 'Twill steal a-way thy

p

mind; But like af-fec - tion's dream,..... It

leaves no sting be - hind, It leaves no sting be - hind!

p

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade, These

mf

flow'rs were cull'd at noon;..... Like wo-man's love the

rose will fade, But, ah! not half so soon!

For, tho' the flower's de - cay'd, It's fra-grance is not

p

o'er; But once when Love's be - tray'd..... The

heart can bloom no more, The heart can bloom no

more!

p

pp

Ad. *

Molly Bawn.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Andante non troppo e grazioso.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 3/4 time and features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the left hand with eighth notes and chords. The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a *p rall.* marking. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both hands. The lyrics are: "Oh! Mol - ly Bawn, why leave me pi - ning, All Now the pret - ty flow'rs were made to bloom, dear, And the".

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both hands. The lyrics are: "lone - ly wait - ing here for you, While the pret - ty stars were made to shine; And the".

stars a-bove are bright - ly shi - ning - Be-cause they've no-thing else to
pret - ty girls were made for the boys, dear, And may - be you were made for

do? The flow-ers late were o - pen keep - ing, To
mine; The wick - ed watch-dog here is snarl ing, He

try a ri - val blush with you, But their mo-ther Na-ture set them
takes me for a thief, you see, For he knows I'd steal you, Mol - ly

sleep - ing With their ro - sy fa - ces wash'd with dew. } Oh!
dar - ling, And then trans-port - ed I should be. }

rall *ad lib*

colla voce.

a tempo.

Mol - ly Bawn, why leave me pi - ning, All lone - ly wait - ing here for

a tempo.

you? The stars a - bove are bright - ly shi - ning, Be -

- cause they've no thing else to do..... Mol - ly Bawn,..... Mol - ly Bawn!

colla voce.

pp

The West's awake.

Words by
THOMAS DAVIS.

MUNSTER AIR.
Arr. by GUILLAUME van den DYCK.

Andante maestoso.

Piano.



p

1. When all be-side a vi-gil keep, The West's a-sleep, the
2. That chain-less wave and love-ly land Free-dom and na-tion-

The vocal melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note F#4, and then a half note E4. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note F#3, and then a half note E3. The dynamics are 'p'.

West's a-sleep; A-las! and well may E-rin weep When
hood de-mand; Be sure the great God ne-ver planned For

The vocal melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note F#4, and then a half note E4. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note F#3, and then a half note E3.

cresc.

Con-nacht lies in slumber deep. There lake and plain smile
slum-bring slaves a home so grand! And long a brave and

The vocal melody is in the treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note F#4, and then a half note E4. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note F#3, and then a half note E3. The dynamics are 'cresc.'.

fair and free 'Mid rocks their guar-dian chi - val - ry: Sing,
haugh - ty race Hon - oured and sen - ti - nell'd the place: Sing,

f *ad lib.*
oh! let man learn li - ber - ty From crashing wind and lashing sea.
oh! not e'en their sons' disgrace Can quite de - stroy their glo - ry's trace.
f *colla voce.*

p
3. For
4. And
mf

of - ten in 'O Con - nor's van To tri - umph dashed each Connacht clan, And
if, when all a vi - gil keep, The West's a - sleep, the West's a - sleep, A -
p

fleet as deer the Nor-mans ran Through Cur-lieu's Pass and
- las! and well may E-rin weep That Connacht lies in

cresc.
Ar-dra-han; And la-ter times saw deeds as brave. And
slum-ber deep. But hark! a voice like thun-der spake: "The

f
glo-ry guards Clan-ri-carde's grave: Sing, oh! they died their
West's a-wake, the West's a-wakes! Sing, oh! hur-ra! let

ad lib.
land to save, At Au-ghrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.
Eng-landquake! We'll watch till death for E-rin's sake.
colla voce. (last time)

Katey's Letter.

Poetry by
LADY DUFFERIN.

Andante con espressione.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Och, girls dear, did you

ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al - tho' he can - not

read, sure I thought'twas all the bet - ter; For why should he be

puzz-led with hard spelling in the mat-ter, When the ma-ning was so

plain, that I love him faith-ful - ly. *p* I

love him faith-ful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with - *p*

- out one word from me. 2. I wrote it, and I *p*

fold - ed it, and put a seal up - on it; 'Twas a seal al - most as

big As the crown of my best bon-net, For I would not have the

Post-mas-ter make his re-marks up - on it, As I'd said *in-side* the

let-ter, that I lov'd him faith - ful - ly. I

love him faith - ful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with -

out one word from me. 3. My heart was full, but

when I wrote I dar'd not put the half in, The neigh-bours know I

love him, and they're migh-ty fond of chaff-ing; So I dar'd not write his

name out-side, For fear they would be laugh-ing, So I wrote "from lit - tle

Kate to one whom she loves faith - ful - ly." I

love him faith-ful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with

- out one word from me. 4. Now, girls, would you be -

lave it, that Post-man so con - sa - ted, No an-swer will he

bring me, so long as I have wait-ed; But may be there mayn't

be one, for the *ra - son* that I sta - ted, That my love can nei - ther

read nor write, but he loves me faith - ful - ly. He

loves me faith - ful - ly - And I know wher'e'er my love is, that

he is true to me.

An Irish Reel.

Words and Music by

J. L. MOLLOY.

Allegretto.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in D major, 2/4 time, marked Allegretto. It consists of four measures. The first measure has a treble clef with a half note D4 and a bass clef with a half note F#3. The second measure has a treble clef with a quarter note E4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note G4, and a bass clef with a half note A3. The third measure has a treble clef with a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, and a half note D5, and a bass clef with a half note E4. The fourth measure has a treble clef with a quarter note D5, a quarter note C5, and a half note B4, and a bass clef with a half note A3. The tempo marking 'rall.' appears in the fourth measure.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "The moon is get-ting up in Gal-way Bay, And". The music is in D major, 2/4 time.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "all the her-ring fleet is com-ing in, Down the". The music is in D major, 2/4 time.

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lit-tle vil-lage street There's a rush of pret-ty feet, And the". The music is in D major, 2/4 time.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "flut-ter of a wild glad din. For the boatshave been a wea-ry". The music is in D major, 2/4 time.

way, But the lads are com-ing home to - day, — Ev'- ry

Red. *

heart with joy is light, Ev'- ry eye is spark-ling bright, — There'll be

rit.

rit.

danc - ing on the pier to - night. And it's

Red.

hap-py that you feel, When you dance an I-rish reel With the

dark-eyed pret - ty Col-leens at the ris - ing of the moon. As the

jeal-ous mo-ments fly, It's no won-der if you sigh That the

Lento. *rall.*

hours we love the best on earth Are o-ver all too soon.

Red.

Più mosso.

Hear the bag-pipes gai-ly tun-ing, See the dan-cers

p

Red. * *Red.*

gath-'ring round, Hear the e-cho down the moun-tain

p

Red.

Ring a-gain the joy-ous sound. Mer-ri-ly dance the

fish - er - maid - ens, Mer - ri - ly dance the boys in blue,

Mer - ri - ly trips the mu - sic sea - ward, Where the stars are

dan - cing too. Dance a - way, my pret - ty Col - leen,

p
Ped. *

While the pi - per plays his part;— There's an - o - ther

sweet - er mu - sic Steal - ing now in - to... your heart. I am

rall.

Andante.

dream - ing of a moon - light, And of days gone by for aye — Ere we

p

Red. *

part - ed from the old land And the dear ones far a - way. But we

look back when it's twi - light To the home we ne'er for -

Red. *

rall. *p* *rit.*

Tempo primo allegretto.

- get, And we hear the pi - per play On the pier at Gal - way Bay: Ev'ry

rall. *p* *rit.*

Red. *

note is ling - ring with us yet; And the

Red.

joy it was to feel Just to dance an I - rish reel With the

dark-eyed pret - ty Col-leens at the ris - ing of the moon. They were

sim - ple joys in truth, But 'twas all a song of youth, And there's

Lento.
ne'er a song in all the world with half so sweet a tune; Tho' it
Suivrez.

rall.
fills the heart with tears to think, It's o - ver all so soon.
p

The Queen of Connemara.

Connaught Boat Song.

Words by
FRANCIS A. FAHY.

Music by
ALICIA ADÉLAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Allegro vivace.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

Oh! my boat can safe - ly

rit.

ff

mf

float in.... the teeth of wind and weather, And out - race the fast - est

hook - er be - tween Gal - way and Kin - sale; When the

poco accel. *a tempo*

black floor of the o - cean and the white foam rush to - geth - er, High she

colla voce *a tempo*

con

rides, in her pride, like a sea-gull through the gale. Oh, she's

'amore *f*

neat! oh,.... she's sweet!..... she's a beau - ty ev' - ry line!..... The

p

f

Queen of Con - ne - ma - ra is..... that bound - ing barque of

mine.

f

sforzando

mf

When she's load - ed down with

mf

fish till..... the wa - ter lips the gun - wale, Not a

mf

drop she'll take on board her that.... would wash a fly a -

mf

- way; From the fleet she'll slip out swift - ly like a

mf

grey - hound from her ken - nel, And she'll land her sil - ver

store the first at ould Kin - va - ra quay. Oh, she's

con tenerezza
p

neat! oh, she's sweet! she's a beau - ty ev' - ry line!..... The

f

Queen of Con - ne - ma - ra is..... that bound - ing barque of

f

mine.

ff *sforzando*

meno mosso
p 3
 There's a light shines out a - far, and it

p colla voce 3

keeps me from dis - may - ing When the skies are ink a -

con molto tenerezza.
p
 -bove us, and... the sea runs white with foam, - In a cot in Con-ne-

mf *ten.* *p*

-ma - ra there's a wife and wee one pray-ing To the One Who walked the

wa - ters once, to send us safe - ly home. Oh she's

p

a tempo

neat! oh,... she's sweet!..... she's a beau - ty ev' - ry line!..... The

a tempo

cresc.

Queen of Con - ne - ma - ra is that bound - ing barque of mine.

ff

ff *fff*

I once loved a boy.

(Old Street Ballad. The words popular in Dublin about 1800.)

Words
ANON.

Music by
ALICIA ADELAÏDE NEEDHAM.

Andantino con tenerezza.

Voice.

Piano.

mf *accel.* *a tempo*

mf *mp* *mf*

poco accel. *a tempo* *rall.*

poco accel. *a tempo* *rall.*

a tempo

a tempo

I once lov'd a boy... and a
 bon - ny, bon - ny boy, Who'd come and go at my re -
 - quest! I lov'd him so well,..... and so

f *rall.*

ve - ry, ve - ry well, That I built him a bow'r in my

f *rall.*

Red. *

breast.

a tempo *mf*

mf *rall* *a tempo*

poco accel. *a tempo*

once lov'd a boy,.... and a bon - ny, bon - ny boy, And a

poco accel. *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo*

boy that I thought was my own; But

rall. *a tempo*

con dolore

he loves an - oth - er girl..... bet - ter far than me, And has

rall.

ta - ken his flight, and is gone.

rall.

mf a tempo

The girl that has ta - ken my

rall. *mf a tempo*

own bon - ny boy, Let her make of him all that she

can; For wheth - er he loves me or

somewhat defiantly.
f con dignita.
loves me not, I'll walk with my love, now and

rall.
then, - I'll..... walk with my love now and

mp con dolore senza speranza
then. I once lov'd a boy,..... and a

bon - ny, bon - ny boy, Who'd come and go at my re -

-quest; I lov'd him so well,..... and so

ve - ry, ve - ry well, That I built him a bow'r in my

breast.

Bendemeer's Stream.

Irish Melody.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Rearranged by
ALFRED SCOTT-GATTY.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

p

There's a

p

p

bow - er of ro - ses by Ben - de-meer's stream, And the

night - in - gale sings round it all the day long; In the

time of my child-hood 'twas like a sweet dream To sit in the

ro - ses and hear the birds song. That bow'r and its mu - sic I

ne - ver for - get, But oft when a - lone in the bloom of the

year, I think, - "Is the night-in-gale sing-ing there yet? Are the

p *rit - -*

p *colla voce*

ro - ses still bright by the calm Ben-de - meer?"

mf a tempo

8

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) is mostly whole rests. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) consists of a series of chords and moving lines in the right and left hands, all in B-flat major.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line has a few notes and a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The dynamic marking *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present in both the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics "No, the" are written below the vocal line.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line contains the lyrics "ro - ses soon wi - ther'd that hung o'er the wave, But some". The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. The dynamic marking *mf* is also present.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line contains the lyrics "blos - soms were ga - ther'd while fresh - ly they shone, - And a". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment pattern. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

The fifth system of the musical score. The vocal line contains the lyrics "dew was dis - till'd from their flow - ers that gave All the". The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. The dynamic marking *p* (piano) is present in both the vocal and piano parts.

fra-grance of sum-mer— when sum - mer was gone! Thus

lento *mf*

me - mo - ry draws from de - light e'er it dies An

a tempo

es - sence that breathes of it ma - ny a year; Thus

f *mf*

bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes, Is that

f *p*

bow'r on the banks of the calm Ben - de - meer!

lento *colla voce* *pp*

8

Silent, oh Moyle.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air
Arrah, my dear Eveleen.

Andante ma non troppo.

Voice.

Piano.

Si - lent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy wa-ter,

Break not, ye bree-zes, your chain of re-pose, While, mur-mur-ing mournful-ly,

Lir's lone-ly daughter Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

When shall the swan, her death-note sing-ing, Sleep, with wings in

dark - ness furl'd? When will heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing,

Call my spi-rit from this storm-y world?

Sad - ly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,

Fate bids me languish long a - ges a-way, Yet still in her dark - ness doth

E - rin lie sleep-ing, Still doth the pure light its dawn-ing de-lay.....

When will that day - star, mild - ly springing, Warm our isle with

peace and love? When will heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing,

ad lib.
Call my spi-rit to the fields a - bove?

colla voce

p

p *dim*

Go where glory waits thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Maid of the Valley."

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Go where glo - ry waits thee, But while fame e - lates thee,
2. When, at eve, thou ro - vest, By the star thou lo - vest,

Oh! still re - mem-ber me..... When the praise thou meet-est
Oh! then re - mem-ber me..... Think, when home re - turn-ing,

To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then re - mem-ber me.....
Bright we've seen it burn-ing, Oh! then re - mem-ber me.....

O - ther arms may press thee, Dear - er friends caress thee, All the joys that bless thee
Oft as summer clo - ses, When thine eye re-po-ses On its ling'ring ro - ses,

mf *p*

riten

Sweet-er far may be; But when friends are nearest, And when joys are dear est,
Once so lov'd by thee, Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them,

colla voce *p*

Oh! then re-mem-ber me.....
Oh! then re-mem-ber me.....

3. When, a-round thee dy-ing,

pp *pp*

Au-tumn leaves are ly-ing, Oh! then re-mem-ber-me.....

pp

And, at night, when gaz-ing On the gay hearth blazing, Oh! still re-mem-ber

mf *p*

me..... Then should mu-sic, steal-ing All the soul of feel-ing,

cresc. *mf* *p*

riten

To thy heart ap-peal-ing, Draw one tear from thee; Then let mem'-ry bring thee

p *colla voce* *p*

Strains I used to sing thee, Oh! then re-mem-ber me.....

pp

The valley lay smiling before me.

153

THOMAS MOORE.

Air

The pretty girl milking her cow.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

1. The
2. I

val-ley lay smiling be-fore me, Where late-ly I left her be-hind; Yet I
flew to her cham-ber, 'twas lonely, As if the lov'd ten-ant lay dead;— Ah!

trembled, and something hung o'er me That sad-den'd the joy of my mind. I
would it were death, and death on-ly, But no, the young false one had fled. And

look'd for the lamp which she told me Should shine, when her pil-grim return'd; But, tho'
there hung the lute that could soften My ve-ry worst pains in-to bliss, While the

dark-ness be-gan to en-fold me, No lamp from the bat-tle-ments burn'd.
hand that had wak'd it so oft-en, Now throbb'd to a proud ri-val's kiss.

3. There was a time, fals-est of women! When
4. Al - rea-dy the curse is up-on her, And

Breffni's good sword would have sought That man, thro' a mil-lion of foemen, Who
strangers her val - leys pro - fane; They come to divide - to dis-hon-our, And

dar'd but to wrong thee in thought! While now - oh de - gen - er - ate daughter Of
ty - rants they long will re - main. But on - ward! the green banner rearing, Go,

E - rin, how fall'n is thy fame! And thro' a - ges of bondage and slaughter, Our
flesh ev-'ry sword to the hilt; On our side is Vir-tue and E - rin, On

country shall bleed for thy shame.
theirs is the Sax-on and Guilt.

The Bells of Shandon.

MAHONEY.

Air

The Groves of Blárney.

Andante con moto.

Voice.

Piano.

1. With deep af - fec - tion and re - col - lec - tion I oft - en
 2. I've heard bells toll - ing "Old A - drian's mole" in, Their thun - ders

think of those Shan - don bells, Whose sound so wild would in days of
 roll - ing from the Va - ti - can, With cym - bals glo - rious, swinging up -

child - hood Fling round my cra - dle their ma - gic spell; On this I
 roar - ous, In the gorgeous tur - rets of No - tre Dame; But thy sounds were

pon - der where'er I wan - der, And then grow fond - er, sweet Cork, of
sweeter than the dome of Pe - ter Flings o'er the Ti - ber, peal - ing so -

riten.

thee, With thy bells of Shan-don That sound so grand on The plea-sant
- lemn-ly. Oh, the bells of Shan-don Sound far more grand on The plea-sant

wa - ters of the ri - ver Lee.
wa - ters of the ri - ver Lee.

mf

3. I've heard bells
4. There's a bell in

chim-ing full ma - ny a clime in, Toll-ing sub - lime in ca - the - dral
Mos-cow, while on tow'r and kiosk O! In St. So - phi - a the Turk-man

simile

shrine; While at a glib rate brass tongues would vi-brate, But all their
gets, And loud in air calls men to pray-er From the ta-p'ring

mu - sic spoke naught like thine; For mem'-ry, dwell - ing on each proud
sum-mit of tall mi - na - rets: Such emp - ty phan - tom I free - ly

swell - ing Of thy bel - fry, knell-ing its bold notes free, Made the bells of
grant them, But there's an an - them more dear to me,..... 'Tis the bells of

riten.

Shan - don Sound far more grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the riv - er
Shan - don That sound so grand on The pleasant wa - ters of the riv - er

Lee.
Lée.

mf *rall.*

The time I've lost in wooing.

THOMAS MOORE.

Air

Pease upon a trencher.

Allegretto.

Piano. *p* *dim.*

1. The time I've lost in woo-ing, In watch-ing and pur-su-ing. The
2. Her smile when Beau-ty grant-ed, I hung with gaze en-chant-ed, Like

ad lib.

light that lies In wo-man's eyes, Has been my heart's un-do-ing. Tho'
him, the Sprite, Whom maids by night Oft meet in glen that's haunt-ed. Like

mf *colla voce* *ten.*

Red. *

Wis-dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she brought me, My
him, too, Beau-ty won me, But while her eyes were on me, If

p

Red. * *Red.* *

ad lib.

on-ly books Were wo-man's looks, And fol-ly's all they've taught me!
once their ray Was turn'd a-way, O! winds could not out-run me.

f *colla voce* *p*

3. And are those fol - lies

dim. *sf* *sf* *p*

go - ing? And is my proud heart grow - ing Too cold or wise For

ad lib.

bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing? No - vain, a - las! th'en -

mf *colla voce* *ten.* *p*

Red. * *Red.*

- dea - your From bonds so sweet to se - ver; Poor Wis - dom's chance A -

* *Red.* *

ad lib.

gainst a glance Is now as weak as ev - er.

f *colla voce* *f* *f*

Lesbia hath a beaming eye.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Nora Creina."

Leggiero e con espressione.

Voice.

Piano.

f

p

mf

1. Les - bia hath a beam - ing eye, But
2. Les - bia wears a robe of gold, But

no one knows for whom it beam - eth; Right and left its ar - rows fly, But
all so close the nymph hath lac'd it, Not a charm of beau - ty's mould Pre-

ad lib. *a tempo*

what they aim at, no one dream-eth. Sweet-er 'tis to gaze up-on My
-sumes to stay where na - ture plac'd it. Oh, my No - ra's gown for me, That

p colla voce *p a tempo.*

No - ra's lid that sel - dom ri - ses; Few : its looks, but
floats as wild as moun - tain breez - es, Leav - ing ev' - ry

ev' - ry one, Like un - ex - pect - ed light, sur - pri - ses. Oh! my No - ra
beau - ty free To sink or swell as Hea - ven plea - ses. Yes, my No - ra

ad lib. *a tempo*
colla voce *p a tempo.*

Crei - na, dear, My gen - tle, bash - ful No - ra Crei - na, Beau - ty lies In
Crei - na, dear, My sim - ple, grace - ful No - ra Crei - na, Na - ture's dress Is

ma - ny eyes, But love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na!
love - li - ness— The dress you wear, my No - ra Crei - na!

p > colla voce

a tempo.

f *p* *rall. un poco*

3. Les - bia hath a wit re - fined, But when its points are gleam - ing round us,

mf

ad lib.

Who can tell if they're de - sign'd To daz - zle mere - ly, or to wound us.

p colla voce

a tempo

Pil - low'd on my No - ra's heart In saf - er slum - ber Love re - pos - es -

p a tempo.

ad lib.

Bed of peace! whose roughest part Is but the crump-ling of the ro - ses,

colla voce

a tempo

Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear, My mild, my art - less No - ra Crei - na,

p a tempo.

Wit, tho' bright, Hath no such light As warms your eyes, my No - ra Crei - na.

p > colla voce

f a tempo.

p

rall. un poco

Come, rest in this bosom.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Lough Sheeling."

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

p

1. Come,
2. Oh!

rest in this bo-som, My.... own stricken deer! Tho' the herd have fled
what was love made for, if..... 'tis not the same Thro' joy and thro'

p

from thee, thy home is still here; Here still is.... the smile that no....
tor-ment, thro' glo - ry and shame? I know not, I ask not, if.....

mf

cloud can o'er - cast,.... And a heart and a.... hand all thy own to the
guilt's in that heart, I but know that I love thee, what - ev - er thou

cresc.

last.
art.

3. Thou hast

call'd me thy an-gel in..... mo-ments of.... bliss, And thy an-gel.... I'll

p

be,'mid the hor - rors of.... this.... Thro' the fur - nace, un - shrink-ing, thy....

mf

steps to pur - sue,..... And..... shield thee, And save thee, or per - ish there

too!....

mf *dim.*

Fly not yet.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Planxty Kelly."

Allegretto. *rall. un poco*

Piano. *f* *dim.*

1. Fly not yet; 'tis just the hour When plea - sure, like the
2. Fly not yet; the fount that playd In times of old thro'

mid - night flow'r That scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for
Am - mon's shade, Tho' i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of

sons of night And maids who love the moon..... 'Twas but to bless these
mirth, be - gan To burn when night was near..... And thus should wo - man's

hours of shade That beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at -
hearts and looks At noon be cold as win - ter brooks, Nor kin - dle till the

ad lib.

-trac - tions glow - ing, Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. Oh, stay!
 night, re - turn - ing, Brings their ge - nial hour for burn - ing. Oh, stay!

colla voce.

Tempo

Oh, stay! Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that
 Oh, stay! When did morn - ing ev - er break, And find such beam - ing

mf

ad lib.

oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon..... Oh, stay! Oh, stay!
 eyes a - wake As those that spar - kle here?..... Oh, stay! Oh, stay!

p colla voce

Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that oh! 'tis pain To
 When did morn - ing ev - er break, And find such beam - ing eyes a - wake As

mf

break its links so soon.
 those that spar - kle here?

sf

The wearing of the Green.

Words Anon.

Moderato.

Arranged by
GUILLAUME vanden DYCK.

Piano. *mf*

p

Oh Pad - dy, dear, an'
An' if the col - our

did ye hear the news that's go - in' round? The sham-rock is by
we must wear is Eng-land's cru - el red, Let it re - mind us

poco cresc.

law for - bid to grow on I - rish ground. No more St. Pat - rick's
of the blood that Ire - land has shed. Then pull the sham-rock

poco cresc.

day we'll keep, his col - our can't be seen, For
from your hat, and throw it on the sod - And

f

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment begins with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, marked with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The melody for the voice enters in the second system, marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings (mf, p, poco cresc., f). The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano and a fermata over the last note of the vocal line.

there's a cru-el law a-gin the wear-in' o' the green! I
nev-er fear, 'twill take root there tho' un-der foot 'tis trod. When

met wid Nap-per Tan-dy and he took me by the hand, And he
law can stop the blades of grass from grow-in' as they grow, And

said "How's poor ould Ire-land, and how does she stand?" She's the
when the leaves in summer time their col-our dare not show, Then

voce rit. *f*

most dis-thress-ful coun-try that iv-er yet was seen, For they're
I will change the col-our too I wear in my cau-been; But

f

hang-in' men and wo-men there for wear-in' o' the green.
till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wear-in' o' the green.

Dedicated to
Mrs. N. Power O'Donoghue.

"Oh! ever thus."

Arranged by
GUILLAUME van den DYCK.

Andante espressivo.

Voice. *p*
Oh! ev - er

Piano. *mf* *p*

thus..... from childhood's hour I've seen my fond-est hopes de -

- cay; I ne-ver loved..... a tree or flower, But

poco cresc.

'twas the first to fade a - way; I ne-ver nursed..... a dear ga -

poco cresc.

poco ten.

- zelle..... To glad me with its soft black

colla voce.

cresc. *f*

eye, But when it came to know me well And

cresc. *f*

dim. *poco rit.*

love me, it was..... sure,..... it was sure to

dim. *poco rit.*

a tempo. *poco rall.* *f* *dim.*

die. When it came to know me well And love me, it.....

poco rall. *dim.*

was..... sure to die.....

p

The dear little Shamrock.

Arranged by
GUILLAUME van den DYCK.

Voice. *Moderato.*

There's a
That

Piano. *p* *poco rit.*

dear lit - tle plant that grows in our Isle, - 'Twas Saint
dear lit - tle plant still grows in our land, Fresh and

p

Pa - trick him - self, sure, that set it; And the
fair as the daugh - ters of E - rin; Whose

sun on his la - bour with plea - sure did smile, And with
smile can be - witch and whose eyes can com - mand, In each

mf

dew from his eye of - ten wet it. It
cli - mate they ev - er ap - pear in. For they

shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, And he
shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, Just

mf *cresc.*

call'd it the dear lit - tle Sham-rock of Ire - land. The
like their own dear lit - tle Sham-rock of Ire - land. The

rall. *mf*

a tempo.

dear lit - tle Sham-rock, the sweet lit - tle Sham-rock, the
dear lit - tle Sham-rock, the sweet lit - tle Sham-rock, the

a tempo.

cresc. *rit.* *dim.*

dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle Sham-rock of Ire - land.
dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle Sham-rock of Ire - land.

colla voce.

That

p

poco rit.

dear lit-tle plant that springs from our soil, When its three lit-tle

leaves are ex-tend-ed, De-notes from the stalk we to-

- ge-ther should toil And our-selves by our-selves be be-

mf

friend - ed. And still thro' the bog, thro' the

mf

rall.

brake and the mire-land, From one root should branch like the Sham-rock of

cresc. *rall.*

mf *a tempo.*

Ire - land! The dear lit - tle Sham-rock, the sweet lit - tle

mf *a tempo.*

cresc. *rit.* *dim.*

Sham-rock, The dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle Sham-rock of Ire-land.

colla voce.

The four-leaved Shamrock.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Moderato.

Piano. *p*

1. I'll seek a four-leav'd shamrock In all the fai-ry dells, And
2. To worth I would give honour, I'd dry the mourner's tears, And

if I find the charmed leaves, Oh, how I'll weave my spells;..... I
to the pal-lid lip re-call The smile of hap-pier years..... And

espress. *colla voce.*

would not waste my ma-gic might On dia-mond, pearl or gold, For
hearts that had been long estrang'd, And friends that had grown cold, Should

rit. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

treasure tires the wea-ry sense, Such tri-umph is but cold. But
meet a-gain like part-ed streams, And min-gle as of old. Oh

colla voce.

I would play th'en-chan-ter's part, In cast-ing bliss a round, Oh!
 thus I'd play th'en-chan-ter's part, Thus scat-ter bliss a round, And

ad lib.
 not a tear, nor ach-ing heart, Should in the world be found, Should
 not a tear, nor ach-ing heart, Should in the world be found, Should

colla voce.

in the world be found.
 in the world be found.

p

The heart that had been mourning O'er van-ish'd dreams of love, Should

see them all re-turn-ing, Like No-ah's faith-ful dove;..... And

espress. *colla voce.*

hope should launch her bless-ed bark On sor-row's dark'ning sea, And

rit. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

Mis-'ry's chil-dren have an Ark, And say'd from sink - ing be. Oh!

colla voce.

thus I'd play th'en-chan-ter's part, Thus scat-ter bliss a-round, And

ad lib.

not a tear, nor ach-ing heart, Should in the world be found, Should

colla voce.

in the world be found.

p

Love's young dream.

(Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright.)

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"The old woman"

Allegretto.

Voice. 

1. Oh! the
2. Tho' the

days are gone when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my
bard to pu - rer fame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he

dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love! New.....
win the wise, who frown'd be - fore, To smile at last; He'll.....

hope may bloom, And days may come, Of mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's
ne - ver meet A joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when

ten.

mem' - ry's waste! 'Twas o - dour fled As soon as shed; 'Twas morn-ing's wing-ed

mf

p

ten.

dream! 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull

p

stream! Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull

rit'n.

colla voce.

stream!.....

mf

The Cruiskeen Lawn.

The Little Jug.

Old Melody.

Con fuoco.

Voice

Piano.

1. Let the farmer praise his grounds, Let the huntsman praise his hounds, And the
2. Im - mor-tal and di-vine, Great Bacchus, God of wine, Cre -

shep - herd his sweet scent-ed lawn; But I, more blest than they, Spend each
- ate me by a - dop - tion your son, In hope that you'll comply, That my

hap-py night and day With my charm-ing lit-tle cru-is-keen lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my
glass shall ne'er run dry, Nor my smil-ing lit-tle cru-is-keen lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my

smil - ing lit - tle cru - is - keen lawn. } Gra - ma - chree ma cru - is - keen,
 smil - ing lit - tle cru - is - keen lawn. }

cresc. *sf*

Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen, Gra - ma - chree a cool - in bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh!

sf *sf*

Gra - ma - chree a cool - in bawn.

cresc. *f*

3. And when grim death ap - pears, In a

sf *sf* *p* *mf*

few but plea - sant years, To tell me that my glass has.... run, I'll

The Chorus may be rendered:-

"My heart's love is my little jug,
 Bright health to my darling!
 My heart's love, her fair locks!" etc.

say "Be-gone, you knave, For great Bacchus gave me leave To take a-no-ther cru-is-keen

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil-ing lit-tle cru-is-keen lawn."

cresc.

Gra-ma-chree ma cru-is-keen Slain-tegeal ma-vour-neen, Gra-ma-chree a cool-in.....

sf

bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gra-ma-chree a cool-in bawn.

cresc. *f*

sf *p*

Has sorrow thy young days shaded?

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Sly Patrick"

Andante con moto.

Voice.

Piano. *p Con espress.* *p*

1. Has... sor - row thy young days sha - ded, As
2. Has... Love to that soul... so ten - der, Been

clouds o'er the morn - ing fleet?..... Too fast have those young days
like our La - ge - nian mine,..... Where spark-les of gold - en

fa - ded, That, e - ven in sor-row, were sweet?..... Does
splen - dour All o - ver the sur - face..... shine?..... But

Time with his cold wing with - er Each feel - ing that once was
if in pur - suit we go deep - er, Al - lured by the gleam that

dear?..... Then, child of mis - for - tune, come hi - ther, I'll
shone,..... Ah! false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like

weep with thee, tear for tear.....
Love, the bright ore is gone.....

3. Has Hope, like the bird in the
4. If.... thus the young hours have

sto - ry, That flit - ted from tree to tree,..... With the
fleet - ed, When sor - row it - self look'd bright;..... If.....

ta - lis-man's glit - ter - ing glo - ry - Has Hope been that bird to
thus the fair hope... hath cheat - ed, That led thee a - long so

pp

thee?..... On branch af - ter branch a - light - ing, The
light;..... If thus the cold world now wi - ther Each

gem did she still dis - play,..... And, when near - est and most in -
feel - ing that once was dear:..... Come, child of mis - for - tune, come

pp

- vit - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way?.....
hi - ther, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.....

p
con espress.

p

The young May moon.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"The Dandy Ol"

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

mf *p*

1. The young May moon is
2. Now all the world is

beam - ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How
sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star - watch keep - ing, love, And

sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is
I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case - ment

dream - ing, love! Then a - wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear, 'Tis
 peep - ing, love! Then a - wake! till rise of sun, my dear, The

f

ad lib

ne - ver too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
 Sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in watch - ing the flight Of

colla voce

Tempo.

length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.
 bo - dies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.

p

p

Quick! we have but a second.

Air — Paddy Snap.

Voice. *Lively.*

Piano. *f*

Quick! we have but a se- cond, Fill
 See the glass, now it flush- es, Like

round the cup, while you may; For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd, And
 some young He - be's lip, And half meets thine, and blush- es That

we must a - way - a - way. Grasp the plea- sure that's fly - ing, For
 thou should'st de - lay to sip. Shame, oh shame un - to thee, If

oh! not Or - pheus' strain Could keep sweet hours from dy - ing, Or
ev - er thou see'st that day, When a cup or lip shall woo thee, And

charm them to life a - gain— Then, quick! we have but a se - cond, Fill
turn..... un - touch'd a - way! Then, quick! we have but a se - cond, Fill

round the cup while you may, For Time, the churl, hath beck-on'd, And
round, fill round while you may, For Time, the churl, hath beck-on'd, And

we must a - way— a - way!
we must a - way— a - way!

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"My lodging is on the cold ground."

Andantino.

Piano.

p

pp

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I
2. It.... is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy

gaze on so fond - ly to - day,..... Were to change by to - mor - row, and
cheeks un - pro - fan'd by a tear,..... That the fer - vour and faith of a

simili.

fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts, fa - ding a - way,..... Thou wouldst
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear;..... Oh! the

still be a-dor'd, as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy love-li-ness fade as it
heart that has tru - ly lov'd, nev - er for-gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the

will;..... And a - round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en -
close;..... As the sun - flow-er turns on her god, when he sets, The same

pp

-twine it - self ver - dant-ly still.....
look which she turn'd when he rose!.....

pp *mf*

dim. *p*

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"Moll Roone?"

Andante con moto,

Piano.

1. Fare-well! but when - ev - er you wel - come the hour Which a -
2. And still on that eve - ning, when plea - sure fills up To the

- wak - ens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once
high - est top spar - kle each heart and each cup, Wher - e'er my path lies, be it

wel - com'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be hap - py with you. His
gloo - my or bright, My soul, hap - py friends, shall be with you that night; Shall

griefs... may re - turn, not a hope... may re - main Of the
join... in your re - vels, your sports, and your wiles, And re -

ad lib. *a tempo*

few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain.— But he ne'er will for-get the short
-turn to me, beam-ing all o'er with your smiles! Too..... blest, if it tells me that,

colla voce *p*

vi-sion that threw Its en - chant-ment a - round him while lin-g'ring with you.
'mid the gay cheer, Some... kind voice had mur-mur'd, "I wish he were here!"

pp *cresc.*

mf *p*

3. Let Fate do her worst, there are rel - ies of joy, Bright....

p

dreams of the past, which she can - not des - troy; Which

come in the night-time of sor-row and care, And bring back the fea-tures that joy

used to....wear. Long, long be my heart with such mem-o-ries fill'd! Like the

ad lib. *a tempo*
vase in which ro-ses have once been dis-till'd— You may break, you may shat-ter the

vase, if you will, But the scent of the ro-ses will hang round it still.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Words by
MRS CRAWFORD.

Music by
F. N. CROUCH.

Andante e penseroso.

Piano. *mf*

mf *al lib.*

mf *mf* *mf*

Kath - leen Ma-vour - neen, the grey dawn is breaking, The

horn of the hun-ter is heard. on the hill; The

lark from her light wing the bright..... dew is shak - - ing,

Kathleen..... Ma - vourneen!..... what! slum - - b'ring still!

Oh

mf hast thou for - got - ten how soon we must sev - er? *mf* Oh

espressivo e legato

hast thou for - got - ten, this day we must part? It

colla voce

may be for years, and it may be for ev - er, Oh

why... art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart, It

may... be for years, and it may be for ev - er, Then

why... art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - your - neen?

mf Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! *mf* A - wake from thy slumbers, *mf* The blue mountains glow in... the

Sun's gold - en light, Ah! where is the spell that once hung on thy

numbers? A - rise in thy beauty, thou star of my night, A -

-rise... in thy beauty, thou star... of my night. *Tempo I.*

slentanto

Con amore affetto.

mf Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, my

rallent. *pp*

f sad tears are falling, *mf* To think that from E - rin and *fz* thee I must *mf*

part, It may be for years, and it may be for ev - er, Then *sempre legato*

why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart, It may..... be for *semplice mf*

years, and it may be for ev - er, Then why..... art thou si - lent, *rallent.*

Kath - leen Ma - your - neen? *diminuendo e piano*

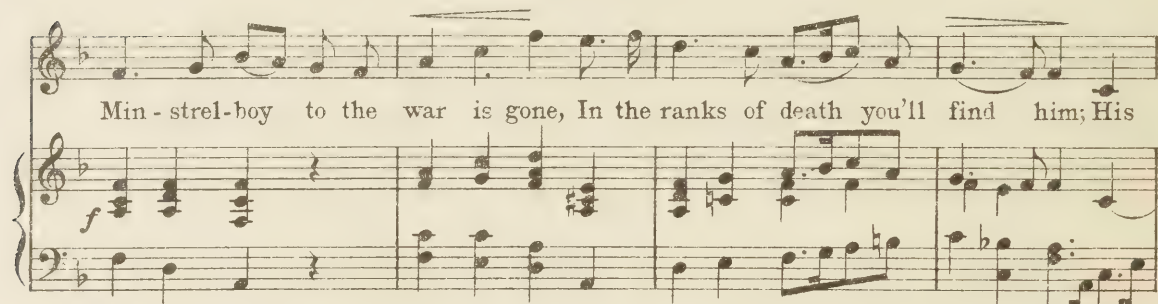
The Minstrel-Boy.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.Air
"The Moreen."

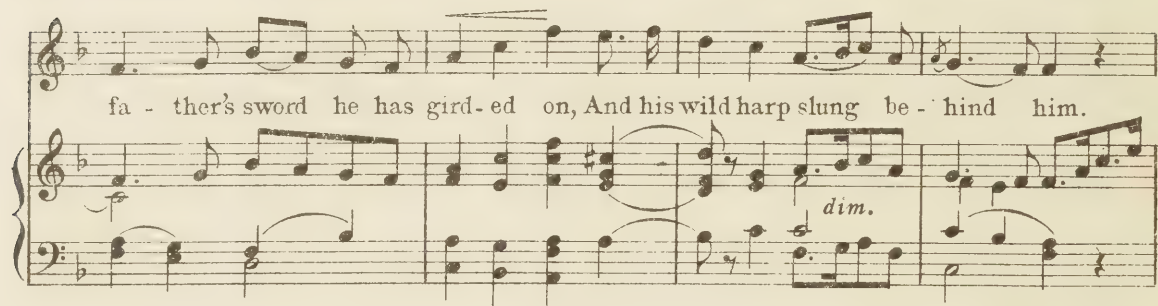
With spirit.

Voice. 

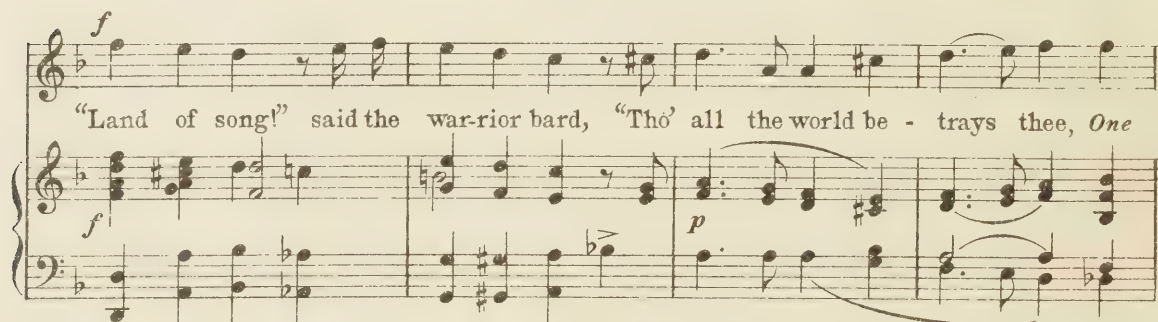
Piano. 



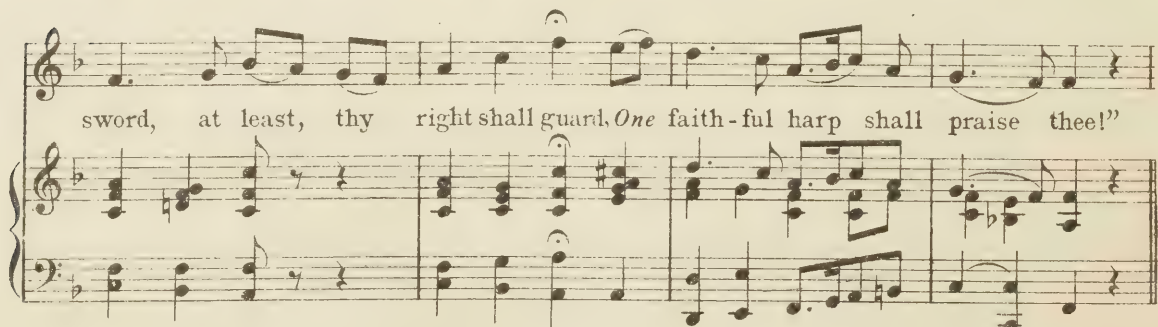
Min-strel-boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His



fa-ther's sword he has gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-hind him.



"Land of song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-trays thee, One



sword, at least, thy right shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee!"

The Min-strel fell! but the

foe-man's chains Could not bring his proud soul un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er

spoke a-gain, For he tore its cords a - sun - der; And said, "No chains shall

sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve-ry! Thy songs were made for the

pure and free, They shall ne - ver sound in sla - ve-ry!"

The last rose of summer.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.Air
"The Groves of Blarney."

Andante con espress.

Voice. *'Tis the*

Piano. *p* *dim.*

last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her

love - ly com - panions Are fa - ded and gone; No

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-

-flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh

cresc. *colla voce* *pp* *ad lib.*

I'll not leave thee, thou....
So..... soon may I

lone one, To..... pine..... on the stem;..... Since the love - ly are.....
fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay,..... And from Love's shi - ning.....

sleeping, Go..... sleep thou with..... them..... Thus..... kind - ly..... I.....
circle The..... gems drop a - way!..... When..... true hearts lie.....

scatter Thy..... leaves o'er the bed..... Where thy mates of the garden Lie
wither'd, And..... fond ones are flown,..... Oh!..... who would in - ha-bit This

scent - less and..... dead.
bleak world a - lone?

Drink to her.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
Heigh-Ho, my Jacky.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

p *f*

1. Drink to her who long Hath
2. At Beau-ty's door of glass, Where

P e leggiero

wak'd the po-et's sigh, The girl who gave to song What gold could ne-ver buy. Oh!
Wealth and Wit once stood, They ask'd her, "which might pass?" She answer'd, "he, who could." With

wo-man's heart was made For minstrel's hands a-lone; By o-ther fin-gers play'd, It
gold-en key Wealth thought To pass-but would not do: While Wit a diamond brought, Which

p

ad lib. *a tempo*

yields not half the tone. Then here's to her who long Hath wak'd the po-et's sigh, The
cut his bright way through So here's to her who long Hath wak'd the po-et's sigh, The

colla voce. *a tempo*

girl, who gave to song What gold could ne-ver buy.
girl, who gave to song What gold could ne-ver buy.

f *p*

f *p* *f* *>*

3 The love that seeks a home Where

p e leggiero.

wealth or grandeur shines, Is like the gloomy gnome, That dwells in dark gold mines. But

oh! the po-et's love Can boast a brighter sphere; Its na-tive home's a-bove, Tho'

ad lib. *a tempo*

wo-man keeps it here. Then drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the po-et's sigh, The

colla voce *a tempo*

girl, who gave to song What gold could ne-ver buy.

Oh! breathe not his name.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

Air
"The Brown Maid"

Andante.

Voice.

1. Oh!.... breathe not his name, let it
2. But the night-dew that falls, though in

Piano.

p e molto legato.

p

sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-hon-our'd his re-lics are laid; Sad,
si-lence it weeps, Shall bright-en with ver-dure the grave where he sleeps; And the

pp

si-lent, and dark be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the
tear that we shed, though in se-cret it rolls, Shall long keep his mem-o-ry

p

grass o'er his head.
green in our souls.

mf

p

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